

Spring

by Tia Prouhet

We jump off window ledges, the neighbor boy and I. The window has been broken a long time. The glass has been sprayed across the grass so long it doesn't glitter anymore. We jump, the neighbor boy and I, holding hands to steady ourselves.

It will be a long fall, I say.

It will be a hard landing, he says.

My hand scrapes the brick window ledge, the side of my palm, fleshy and soft. The neighbor boy looks at the pink showing through. No blood, keep jumping, he says.

I push him and run away crying. Can't he see that I'm leaking out? The window has defeated me. The brick has defeated me.

